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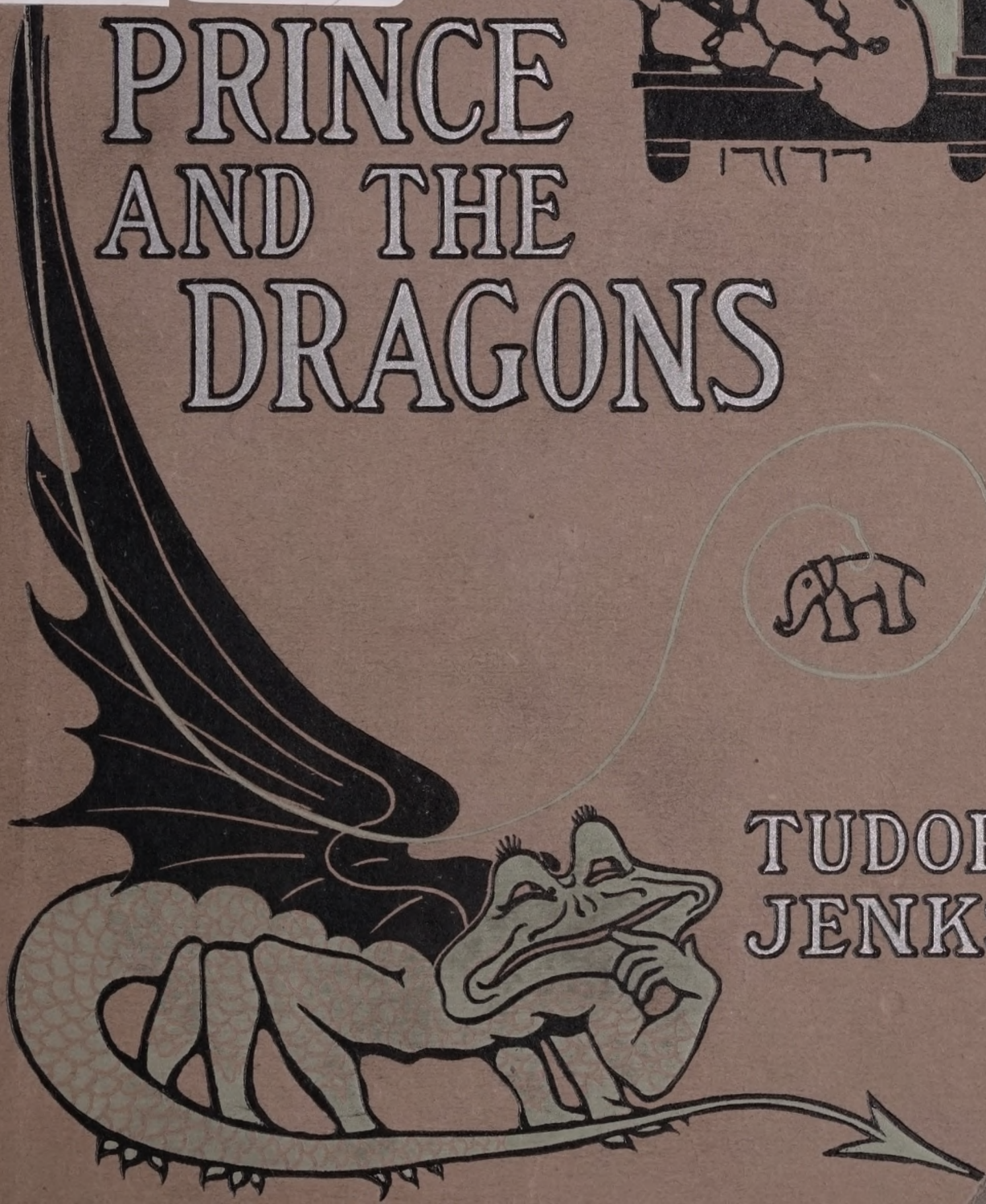
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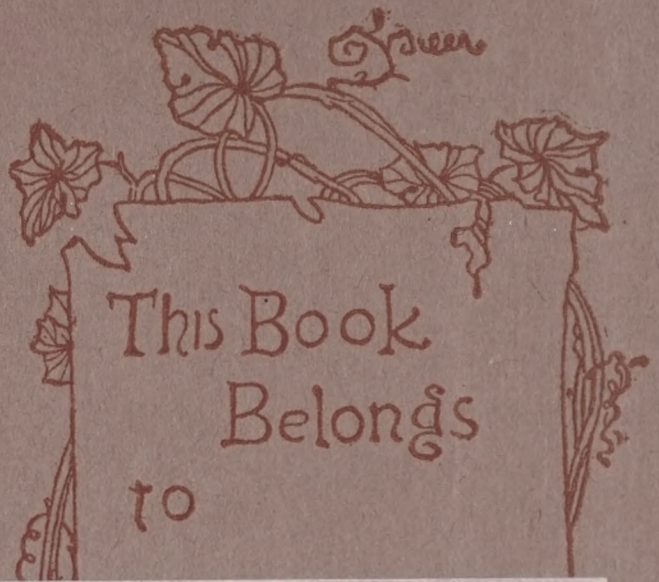
# PRINCE AND THE DRAGONS



TUDOR  
JENKS







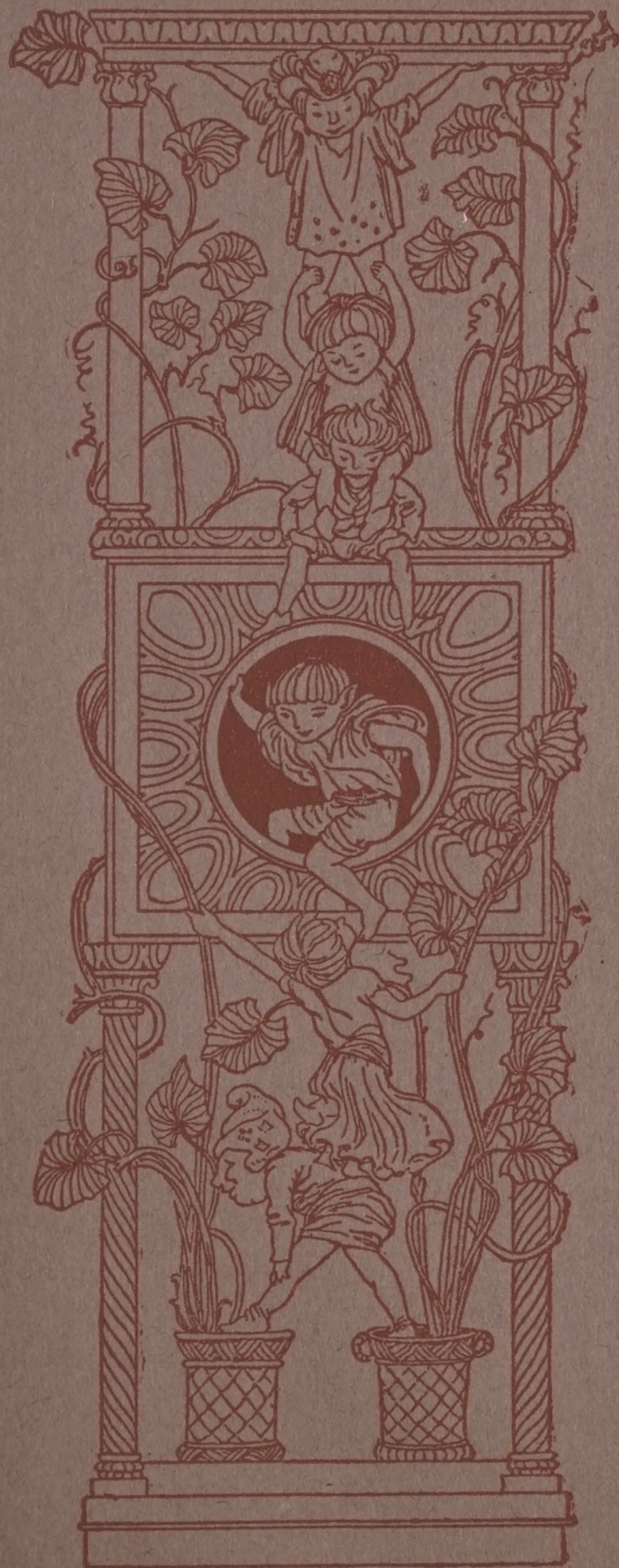
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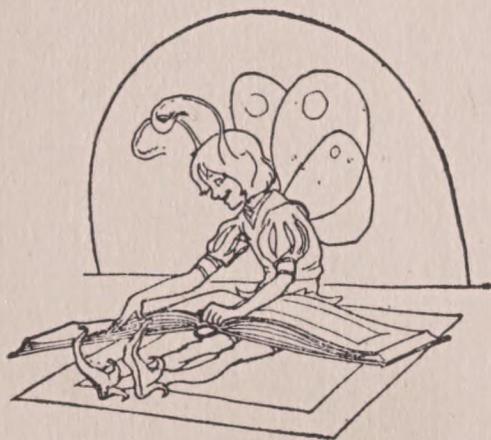












THE PRINCE  
AND THE DRAGONS















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ALTEMUS' MAGIC WAND SERIES

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# THE PRINCE AND THE DRAGONS

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TUDOR JENKS

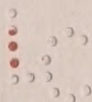
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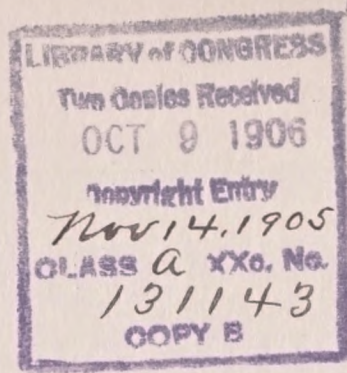
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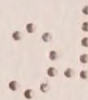
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The Magic Wand  
Romero and Julietta  
A Magician for One Day  
The Prince and the Dragons  
Timothy's Magical Afternoon  
The Rescue Syndicate

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# *The Prince and the Dragons*

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II







# WHAT THE PRINCE CAUGHT









## *Tired of Toys*

### CHAPTER I

#### WHAT THE PRINCE CAUGHT



AM tired of all my toys," said the little Prince; "and, besides, I have broken the trunk of my biggest wooden elephant."

"Has your royal highness thought of—"

"Yes, I have," said the Prince crossly, without waiting for the sentence to be finished.

"But you didn't know what I was going to say," objected the Prince's tutor.

"Oh, yes, I did," said the



*He is  
Right*

Prince, who was looking out of the Palace windows.

"Well, what was it?" asked the tutor.

"You were going to say, 'Have you thought of studying your lessons for to-morrow?' That's *your* idea of cheerful amusement; but it isn't mine."

The Prince's tutor was silent. What could he say? The Prince had guessed exactly what the tutor would have asked, except for the interruption. So the tutor said no more, but began to whistle a tune.

"I wish you wouldn't do that," said the Prince. "It makes me nervous. I hate that tune, and I hate whistling."

"But *you* whistle sometimes," said the tutor.

*Fussing*

“Not when I’m nervous,” was the Prince’s reply. “But what shall I do to amuse myself?”

“Take a book,” was the tutor’s suggestion.

“What book?”

“Oh, I don’t know,—any good book.”

“But I’m tired of all the books I’ve read, and I don’t want to begin a new one. Besides, I don’t feel like reading. I’m too nervous.”

“Nervous!” exclaimed the tutor,—“the idea of a little boy’s being nervous. You ought not to have any nerves. Somebody has been talking nonsense to you.”

“That’s so,” said the Prince.

“Well, who is it?” asked the tutor.

*Take a  
Book*



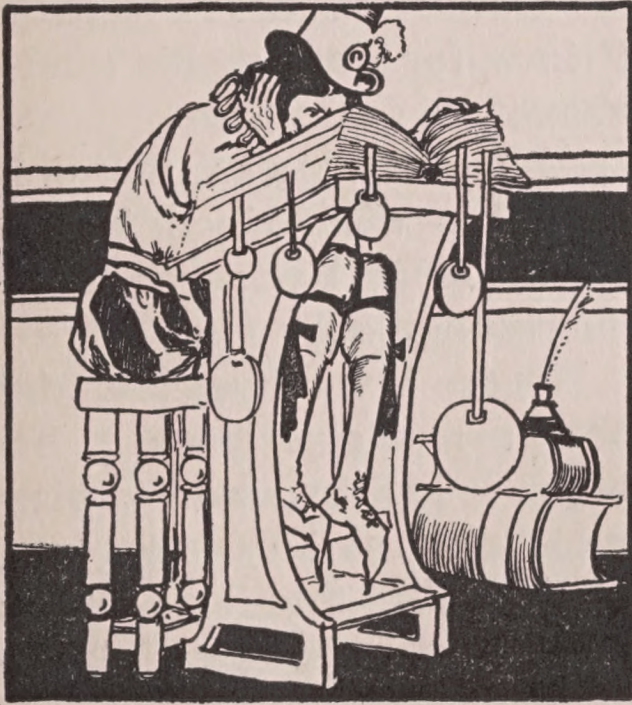
*Very  
Cross*

"It's you," was the Prince's reply. In short, the little fellow was decidedly out of humor, and felt like quarreling with the tutor simply because he was the nearest person. If it had been the king, he would have been snappish to the king; if it had been the queen, he would have whined at her; but as it was the tutor—a pale and thin young man with a high forehead, light straw-colored eyebrows, and spectacles—why, the Prince was doing his best to make him angry. The tutor was used to this, and he did not let the Prince bother him. When the Prince became *too* bad-tempered, the tutor would go to one of the bookcases and take down a big fat volume entitled

*Tutor's  
Refuge*

“The History of Transcaucasian Enterprises under the Auspices of the Committee on Extra-territorial Immigration.”

*A Good  
Title*



Then he would bury his nose so deeply in between the pages that he couldn't hear a word the Prince was saying. It was

*Deaf*



*To the  
World*

a great rest for the Prince's tutor's mind.

This is what he did now and was lost to the world.

"Count Bricabrac!" said the Prince, for that was his tutor's name.

"Hum-um," was the only reply, so the Prince had to leave Count Bricabrac to his interesting book.

But the Prince was bound to find some amusement. He began to look around his play-room, at the various things hung on the walls. Suddenly his eye brightened as he saw his favorite fishing-pole hung upon two golden hooks. He went across the room, pushed a rosewood table against the wall, and climbed up on it, scratching

quite a number of marks on the polished top.

He took down the pole, and then looked around for something with which to bait the hook. He saw the broken elephant lying near his Noah's-Ark, for though this happened a long time ago, it was not before the Flood, and the Prince had a Noah's-Ark just like other little boys.

He was going to fish in the moat that surrounded the Palace walls, and he decided to use the wooden elephant for bait. It was some trouble to get the little elephant on the hook, but at length he succeeded in putting the hook through one of the ears, which were made of felt; and then, going to the

*Bait  
Wanted*

*An Ele-  
phant*



*Waiting*

window, he flung out the end of the line, and unreeled it until it reached the surface of the water far below.

There it bobbed up and down in the sunshine, while the Prince waited for a bite. He did not have long to wait. Suddenly there was a commotion in the water, something came rushing up from the depths and swallowed the wooden elephant.

At once the line began to run out from the reel, and the Prince, capering about, shouted: "I've caught a fish! I've caught a fish—and he pulls like a big one!"

But Count Bricabrac paid no attention. He was so deeply interested in his book. Then

*A Bite*

the Prince began to haul in the line. The fish—or whatever was at the end of the line—pulled very hard, but the Prince was a strong youngster, and gradually drew in his catch. When it came to the top of the water, he suddenly saw that he had caught a young dragon. And a lively young creature it was, bright green, with a scarlet mouth, purple ears, and a lovely tail, all the colors of the rainbow. It was the first dragon the Prince had ever seen, but he knew what it was because he had seen pictures of dragons in his favorite book of Fairy Tales.

You might think that he would have cried out, but he was afraid that Count Bricabrac would not

*Haul-  
ing in*

*A Dragon*



*It Yowled*

let him keep the little dragon, so he said nothing, but hauled it in as quick as he could. When the dragon felt itself coming out of the water, and then being dragged up the wall of the Palace, it began to yowl.

Count Bricabrac heard the noise, and for a minute looked up from his reading.

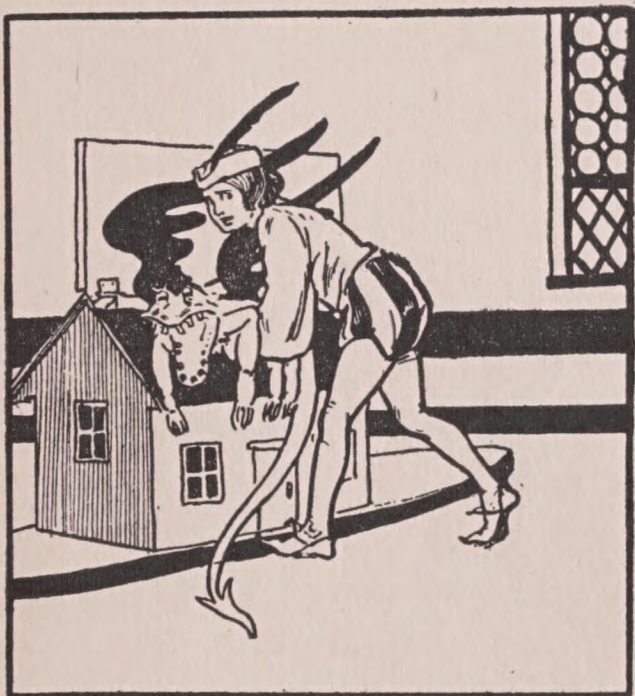
"Come, come!" he exclaimed, "you mustn't cry like that! A big boy like you!"

But the dragon didn't stop his noise. He was sorry that he had not left the wooden elephant alone, and made up his mind then and there never to touch elephant's meat again. But this good resolution came too late. For the Prince hauled the little captive in through the

*Too Late!*

window, threw him flapping on the floor, and then, dropping the pole, picked up the dragon,

*Landed*



put him into his Noah's-Ark, shut down the lid, and fastened it with the hook.

*And Boxed*





# TROUBLE IN DRAGON LAND









*Still  
Howling*

## CHAPTER II

### TROUBLE IN DRAGON LAND



Of course the dragon kept up his howling all the time, and even Count Bricabrac

noticed it.

“What is all this noise?” he asked, frowning severely. “This whining must be stopped!”

The Prince was afraid his tutor would find out about the dragon, and so he at once seated himself at his piano, and began to practice his scales as loud and as fast as he could. This had two good effects. It drowned the noise of the dragon’s

*Practising  
Scales*



*Tutor  
Leaves*

wails, and it drove the tutor out of the room without his being able to take offence, for of course he could not object to the Prince's practising without getting into trouble with the Countess Metronomski, who taught him music.

So Count Bricabrac fled, slamming the door after him, and the Prince was left alone with his dragon. After a few minutes the Prince shut the piano and opened the Noah's-Ark. At once the dragon crawled out, and began to jump about the floor. The little dragon was about as big as a half-grown puppy, and seemed more frightened than fierce. Soon the Prince noticed that the hook was sticking in the

*Dragon  
Freed*

dragon's lower jaw, and, catching the scared creature, removed it.

*Unhooked*

Then the dragon quieted



down, and soon allowed the Prince to pat its head, and showed its pleasure by purring like a big cat, while its fiery little eyes glowed softly.

*A Little  
Pet*



*Sleepy*

After the hook was out the dragon seemed very quiet, and before long began to blink its little eyes as if drowsy. This suited the Prince exactly, for it was nearly supper-time, and he was hungry. So he made up a cosy little nest for the dragon in the darkest corner of his playroom closet, using for the bedding several velvet doublets and cloaks—of which the Prince owned more than any sensible youngster could wear.

The dragon coiled itself up like a cruller, and was soon fast asleep and snoring as comfortably as if it were at home. Whereupon the Prince went to supper as quietly as if he caught dragons every day in the week, and really there would be no

*Supper-  
time*

story to tell if the little dragon had happened to be an orphan.

*Not an  
Orphan*

But it had a strong, fierce mother, a lively and inquisitive father, several well-grown brothers and sisters, to say nothing of other relatives, from cousins to grand-uncles; and they were all looking for the pretty little thing. The dragon had gone out for a quiet afternoon's soaring, when it had been chased by an eagle, had lost its way, and, after flying till it was tired, had dropped into the moat of the Palace.

How the big dragons discovered where the little dragon was is not quite certain; possibly they were told by a bothering old busybody of a bat that was blundering about just as the

*Busybody  
Bat*



*A Great  
Row*

Prince had hauled in the line. Certainly they found it out, for the Prince's supper was not quite over when there came the sound of a great commotion outside of the Palace—flapping and clapping of wings, scraping of claws, bellowing, yowling, howling, as if a thousand gentle nurses were washing a thousand cross boys all at once. The confusion was terrible.

The guards who had been stationed on the towers and walls came running in to say that it was “raining dragons,” and every dragon was breathing out fire and lashing his tail. All the doors and windows were closed, and all the people in the Palace wished they had always been good.

*Repent-  
ance*

The King, who had been busy playing checkers with the Queen, did not for some time get a clear idea of what was

*Alarm*



going on. He was rather deaf, and at first thought the people were talking about "waggons," and gave orders to put them

*Waggons*



*Flagons*

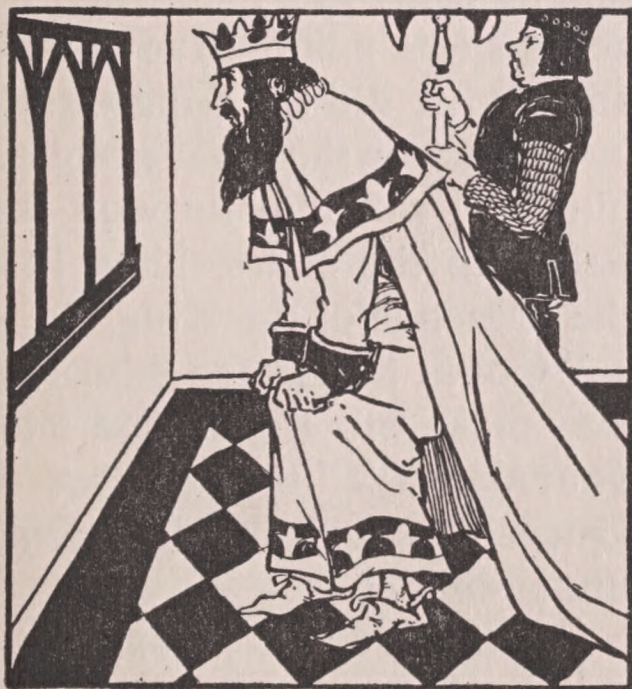
into the stable ; then he thought it was “ flagons,” and said, “ Oh—then put them into the cellar ! ” This was while they were all talking at once. But when it was a little quieter, and the Queen said distinctly, “ Not *waggon*s or *flagons*, dear—but *dragons* ! They say it is raining *dragons* ! ” he pretty nearly understood, for he asked, fiercely, “ *Who* says we are reigning dragons ? ”

When the trouble was explained to him, and he was led to the window to see the great winged creatures dashing around and around, he said, “ Dear me ! How interesting ! Let me see—is there anybody in the Palace who can talk dragon-talk ? ”

*Interesting*

Then all the courtiers and pages scampered upstairs and downstairs repeating the King's question. When at last they

*Who  
Can?*



had come to the room where the Prince and his tutor were at supper, Count Bricabrac said modestly that there was in

*Modest  
Tutor*



*A Helpful Book*

the royal library a book about dragons, and that in the end there was a list of dragon-words with a translation. He believed that by using this to aid him he could speak a little dragon-talk, and—what did the King want?

Thereupon the pages grabbed him, and ran him through the halls, up the stairs, bang into the presence of the King.

“Count Bricabrac thinks he may make out the dragon-talk, your Majesty!” they all bawled. Queerly enough the deaf King understood.

“Is this true?” he asked.

“Yes, sire,” answered the tutor, making a low bow. “By the aid of a small book that is in the royal library.”

“Well, just step to the door,

and see what is the meaning of this visit," said the King, ordering a page to fetch the book at once.

"If you don't mind, your Majesty, may I speak to them through the window?" shouted Count Bricabrac in the King's ear.

"Certainly, certainly," the King agreed. "Only find out what they want, and if possible, let them have it. We can't have the air full of dragons all the time. It doesn't seem healthy, or quite safe. They might—"

At this moment there came a bang on the window-shutter, and then a scraping. Count Bricabrac sprang to the shutter and threw it open, while every one else in the room sidled away

*Window  
Safer*

*Brave  
Bricabrac*



*Dragon  
Talk*

toward the opposite wall. As soon as the shutter was open a dragon's head and long neck was thrust into the room.

Count Bricabrac thereupon turned over the pages of the handbook and soon began to address the dragon :

" $Ax + 2a^2x + 3abx - myb?$ " was his first remark.

" $Qmx - a^2x + d(a - x) - xy^2b,$ " said the dragon, smiling.

It is useless to put down more of the conversation. The bright reader will already have seen that dragon-talk is only a kind of algebra, and who wants more algebra that comes naturally? The Count had to make his sentences up very slowly and it took a long time to find out the dragon's replies. But they un-

*The  
Message*

derstood each other in a way, and before very long Count Bricabrac was able to report to the King the gist of the conversation.

"The dragon tells me," said the Count, "that they have good reason to think that some one has captured a baby dragon and has shut it up somewhere about the Palace."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the King. "It is impossible!" which shows that even kings are now and then mistaken.

At this moment the Prince, having finished his supper, entered the room. He looked rather uneasy, for he had guessed what was the trouble, and had not made up his mind what to do. So he remained

*The Prince  
Comes*



*No Mis-  
take*

silent, waiting to see what would happen.

"I fear," said Count Bricabrac, "that there is no mistake. They have very keen scent, and they tell me that if you will admit a single dragon to the castle it will be easy to find the missing youngster."

"What do you advise?" the King remarked, after a pause.

"I think, your serene Highness, that there can be no objection to admitting a single dragon, if it will promise not to breathe fire on the furniture or scratch up the polished floors."

"But won't the dragon eat *us*?" exclaimed old Duchess Darningneedle.

"No danger," said Count Bricabrac, without reflection,

*Scared  
Duchess*









“dragons only care for young and tender maidens.”

Now wasn't that a foolish speech? Of course it made the Duchess *furiously*, and while she had never been fond of him, she disliked Count Bricabrac more than ever afterward; and that brought him trouble.

So it was decided to let one dragon enter the castle and make a careful search for the missing member of their family. The front gate was cautiously opened, and a great yellow dragon in spectacles—maybe you didn't know they wore spectacles, but this one did; he had stolen them from an optician's shop—was allowed to crawl in. He was the Father-dragon, and at once began sniff-

*How  
Thought-  
less*

*Father  
Dragon*



*On the Trail*

ing about to catch the scent, and soon caught it, for he immediately began to climb the winding stair that led to the Prince's playroom.

The whole court followed, but were exceedingly careful to keep clear of the monster's tail, the end of which was very sharp and went whisking about like a broken trolley-wire. Straight to the Prince's playroom went the big dragon, and when he reached the room, he went right to the door of the closet. Then the door was opened by Count Bricabrac, and in a moment more the baby-dragon was clasped in his father's arms! It was a touching scene, and many of the court were moved to tears.

*A Touching Scene*

Soon afterward the Father-dragon departed with his recovered darling, and when he reappeared at the Palace gate,

*They  
Depart*



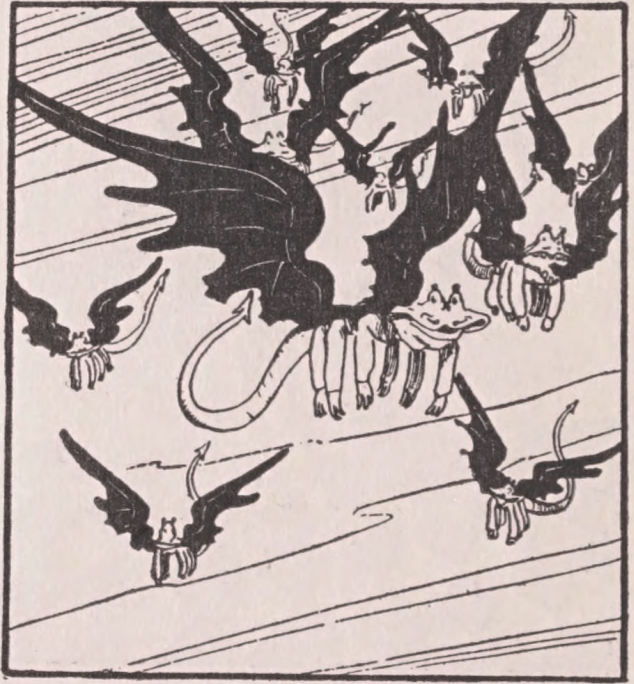
the dragons burst into a storm of cheering that sounded like the steam-whistles that blow on the night before New Year's

*The  
Cheering*



*Away  
They Go*

Day. Then, like a swarm of great birds, the whole flock of dragons rose into the air until they looked no bigger than



crows, and away they flew over hill, dale, valley, and plain till they were once more amid their mountainous peaks and

*Homeward*

crag. Then settling into a nice flat rocky place before a big cavern where they lived, they all sang their national song, which runs thus :

*National  
Song*

*“ Dry Desert, ’t is of you,  
Region where plants are few  
Of you we howl!  
Come, all ye crawly things,  
Proud of sharp claws and stings,  
Wave all your flapping wings,  
Let Dragons yowl ! ”*

This, and other verses, they sang with great enthusiasm, and then dispersed about their regular nightly wrongdoing.





# THE DRAGON'S REVENGE









*A Quiet  
Time*

## CHAPTER III

### THE DRAGON'S REVENGE



MEANWHILE  
nothing particular was  
done at the  
Palace, for  
the simple  
reason that it

was bedtime, and every one was so tired with the excitement about the dragons that all were very glad to get into their nice white nightgowns and cuddle down until the morning. That is—all but one. There was one who did not sleep. The Duchess Darningneedle was very angry at what Count Bricabrac had said

*One  
Wakeful*



*Hopping  
Mad*

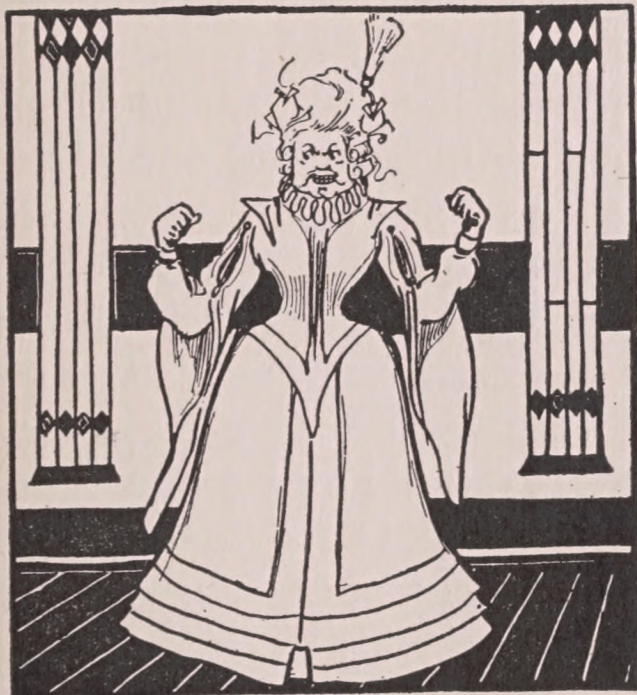
about her being in no danger because she was “not young and tender.” She didn’t like Count Bricabrac any way, as has been said, because he had succeeded her as the Prince’s teacher and had not liked the way she had taught the Prince his fractions. Altogether, as she thought it over she became hopping mad, so mad she could not sleep.

At length she took a quill-pen and she wrote a little letter to an old witch of her acquaintance who lived in a cave not far from the Palace grounds. In this note she told a *horrid* story. She said that it was *Bricabrac* who had *stolen* the young dragon, and she told the witch to let the dragons know *all* about

*A Whop-  
per*

it. Of course, the witch did not know the note was not true, so, being able to speak the dragon language a little, she went

*The  
Witch*



to the head dragon of them all—the father of the little dragon—and told him that Count Bricabrac was the one that had cap-

*Repeats it*



*Bricabrac,*    tured the little one, and that he  
*Beware!*       ought to be punished for it.

The old dragon thought this reasonable, and, without telling any of the others what he meant to do, he quietly flew over to the Palace, and hiding himself in the top of one of the tallest trees, awaited his chance to carry off the Prince's tutor. He had not long to wait, for it was Bricabrac's custom to walk in the Palace gardens every afternoon before supper, reading some improving book. When the Count came near to the tree the Father-dragon swooped down like a hawk and bore Bricabrac aloft. No one saw this capture except the wicked Duchess, who was on the watch because she thought

*He is*  
*Caught*

something of the sort might happen.

*Carried  
Off*

When he felt himself lifted into the air, Count Bricabrac



was quite startled and exclaimed:

“Goodness! This is really most unexpected; and so sudden!”

*So Sudden!*



*Her  
Taunt*

Then the Duchess leaned out of her tower window as the Count was carried by, and waving her lace handkerchief, said in a sneering and mocking tone:

“Oh, never mind, Count. *Dragons only eat the young and tender!*”

Now, wasn't that mean of her? But at last the Count knew by her remark who was to blame for his misfortune; and he did not forget the Duchess's spitefulness. He was very clever, and he understood at once what the old woman had done. But he could not talk dragon language at all without the book in the library, and he wasn't reading that one, so he had to let himself be carried off. And, to show you

*He is  
Helpless*

how cool and collected he was, he went on reading his book all the time Father-dragon was flying through the air, and never lost his place, either.

*Kept His  
Place*

After Bricabrac's disappearance, the Duchess made up her mind to go and tell the King that the tutor had been carried off by a dragon, for she thought that if she was the first to give the alarm no one would suspect that she was to blame. So the Duchess Darningneedle put all her false curls into the greatest disorder, and pretending great grief rushed into the Palace hall, and cried out as if in the deepest distress :

"Oh, me!—oh, my! That *charming* and *sweet* Count Bricabrac! Oh — oh — oh !

*Falsity*



*Hypo-  
crite*

What *shall* we do! Oh—  
oh!”

Of course everybody came clustering about to know what terrible thing had happened; but she only caterwauled the louder, and pulled at her curls until she tore some out—which, as they were false, didn't hurt her at all. She made as much noise as *two* pigs under a gate, and nobody could get a word out of her until the King came in. But *he* wouldn't stand her nonsense, not for a minute. He told her to hush, and then shook her till her teeth rattled. This quieted her, and then the King made her tell what had happened, and be quick about it, too.

“Oh,” exclaimed the Duch-

*Severity*

ess, "it's the big dragon that was here on Friday, and he has carried off his little Royal Highness's tutor! The noble

*Awful  
News*



Count Bricabrac!—to think he should become food for the horrid dragons up there in the mountains! Isn't it terrible!"

*Her Grief*



*King  
Shocked*

The King was shocked, of course; so would any man be, on hearing that his son's only tutor had been carried away by the chief of a whole race of dragons. But though naturally a little uneasy the King gave proper orders at once. He directed that a handsome reward should be offered for the Count's return uninjured, and at the same time summoned all his wisest councilors to hold a grand meeting to devise divers and sundry ways and means for taking such measures as would accomplish something toward the Count's release.

What else could any ruler do? But there was one member of the court who decided that there was something else

*One Who  
Did*

to be done. The little Prince was not at all thoughtless, only naughty. He felt that if any one was to blame for the fate of

*Not  
Thought-  
less*



Count Bricabrac it was himself. It was he who had fished for the little dragon with a toy elephant, and now that his tutor

*But  
Naughty*



*Sorry*

was paying the penalty, the Prince could not rest.

Of course he should have gone to his father just as George Washington did in the cherry-tree case, but George had not happened at that early date, and so how could the Prince know what to do? What he *did* was to pack a few clothes into a satchel, help himself to some chocolate cake and macaroons out of the royal pantry, and set off for the home of the dragons. No doubt this was very imprudent, but it was brave, and not many small boys of his age would have done it. Luckily, no one saw him climb over the Palace gate, and, except for slightly tearing his silk hose, all went well.

*Slight  
Accident*







A NEW PLOT









*Up the  
Moun-  
tains*

## CHAPTER IV

## A NEW PLOT



It was a long walk up the mountains, but the Prince climbed on behind a wagon for part of the way, and he reached the dragon-land before nightfall. Here he met a sentinel, a rather stylish young dragon, who asked him his business. The Prince replied politely, but as neither could speak the other's language, their remarks did not fit very well. The conversation was something like this :

“What do you want here?”



*A Misfit*

asked the dragon in his language.

"From the King's Palace. I'm the Prince," was the reply in the Prince's language.

"I don't understand. Can't you speak dragon language?"

"To rescue Count Bricabrac," said the Prince, firmly.

"What is a little boy like you doing out all alone?" was the dragon's next question.

"I alone am to blame," said the Prince, "for I caught the little dragon. I came to surrender myself."

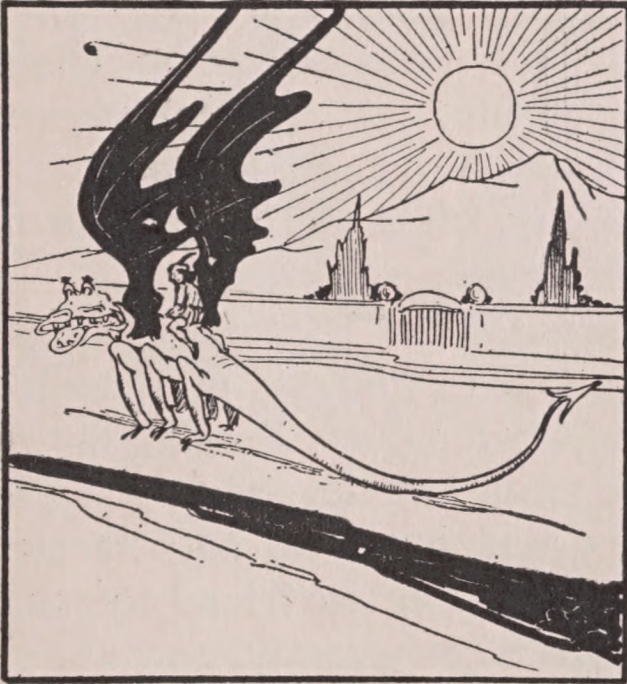
"I can't understand a word you say," said the dragon.

"Count Bricabrac had nothing to do with it," the Prince went on. Now this was the second time Bricabrac's name

*A Clue*

had been said, and the dragon had heard it before. Bricabrac, though he had been a prisoner but a few hours, was already

*Bricabrac*



learning the language a little, and had told the dragons his name. The sentinel therefore decided that the boy's visit had

*Name  
Known*



*Dragon  
Express*

something to do with the captive, and led the way up the rocky road; but seeing the Prince was tired he kindly stooped down and made signs for the little fellow to climb upon his back. This the brave Prince did, and a few moments of rapid flight brought them to the dragon settlement.

Here the Prince was delighted to find his tutor seated beside the chief dragon, trying to teach him the alphabet out of the one book he had carried away. The two friends greeted each other warmly, and after a few moments the Prince explained why he had come.

"I cannot tell a lie, Count Bricabrac," said he; "I did it with my little wooden elephant. You must go free!"

*Noble  
Prince*

“My dear boy,” exclaimed the tutor, “I had rather you had caught a hundred young dragons than to have told a

*Gener-  
osity*



falsehood! But I cannot allow you to take my place.”

“But I must,” said the Prince.  
“Let me tell the dragons at once that you are innocent.”

*He Insists*



*No Hand-  
book*

"You can't do it," objected the tutor, "and I can't either, for I haven't the handbook. We don't know how to speak the language. You will have to wait until I have taught the dragons to speak ours."

"That may take some time," the Prince remarked.

"It may," Count Bricabrac admitted, "for so far the old dragon has learned only four letters of the alphabet."

"A, C, D, B," the dragon remarked proudly, as he heard the word alphabet.

"Very *nearly* correct," said the tutor. "A, B, C, D, we say."

"A, B, C, D," the dragon repeated with great cleverness.

"Exactly," Count Bricabrac

*Clever  
Pupil*

agreed, patting the big dragon on the head, for he was proud of his pupil. Then he went on to the Prince: "You see we are very good friends. The dragons had an idea of eating me at first, but provisions are plenty just now, and I got them interested in learning. I believe we are safe for the present. Sit down, and let me finish the lesson."

*Good  
Friends*

So the Prince sat down and listened to the Count's efforts to teach the big dragon to read. After the lesson was over, Count Bricabrac explained by signs that the Prince and he were good friends, and the dragons good-naturedly left them together. The Prince brought out his chocolate cake,

*Kind  
Jailers*



*The  
Supper*

and he and his tutor ate their supper, saving the macaroons for breakfast, afterwards retiring to a cleft in the rocks where Count Bricabrac was lodged.

Meanwhile there was a great to-do at the Palace. The Prince's absence was discovered, and everybody thought the dragons had carried him away. The King and his councilors held another meeting and decided to offer more rewards. The reward for the Prince was enormous, and when the Duchess Darning-needle had read the King's proclamation, she decided to try to win the great prize for herself.

Putting on a thick black veil and wrapping herself in a long

*The  
Duchess*

cloak she stole out one dark night and went to talk the matter over with her friend, the witch. This queer old woman was in her cave frying doughnuts, and she was not well pleased to see a visitor, being very greedy and wanting all the three dozen doughnuts for herself. As for the Duchess, she was especially fond of doughnuts, and the smell of them made her mouth water so she could hardly speak plainly.

“Good evening, Mother Black,” said the Duchess very politely. “You seem to be busy cooking something.”

“Yes, I am,” said the old witch. “Only a bit of something for my supper. Nothing very nice—nothing very nice!”

*The  
Witch*

*What a  
Story!*



*Like  
Dough-  
nuts*

"It smells like doughnuts," said the Duchess, with a grin she meant for a sweet smile. "You seem to make very nice ones."

"Good enough for a toothless old thing like me," said the witch.

"I should like to taste one," said the Duchess eagerly.

"But it is witch's food," said Mother Black, "and I'm afraid you wouldn't like it. Besides, I have only a few."

The Duchess knew better, for there were at least two dozen already cooling on the witch's table. So she rose and walked toward the delicious brown rings. This made the old witch frantic, and waving her crutch in the air she warned

*Greedy  
Thing!*

the Duchess away from her dainties.

“Stand back!” she cried. “Don’t touch them. They are poisoned.”

“Poisoned?” said the Duchess. “But you said they were for your supper.”

“I think you are mistaken,” said Mother Black, shortly. The Duchess, however, was not deceived, though she decided to let the doughnuts alone, for she wished to keep the witch in good humor. She therefore told all about the big reward offered by the King for the rescue of the Prince and his tutor, proposing that she and the witch should win it for themselves. The old witch eagerly agreed, and they began

*Poi-  
soned?*

*The  
Reward*



*A Bright  
Idea*

to make plans. None seemed good until the Duchess announced that she had a bright idea.

"Let us send the dragons the poisoned doughnuts," she exclaimed, "and then, when they are all dead, the Prince and Count Bricabrac can be rescued without danger!"

"But," the witch objected, "these doughnuts won't poison dragons. They are not that kind; and, besides, you don't want to poison the Prince and the Count, do you?"

"No," the Duchess admitted with a grin, "at least not the Prince. Perhaps you can put something into a new batch of doughnuts to make them all sleep, and while they are sleep-

*Another  
Plan*

ing we can carry off their captives. How would that do? There seems no objection to that."

"Excellent!" cried the witch. "I will make some of the sort of doughnuts dragons all love, dose them with the juice of an herb that will make them sleep—and there you are! Then we can divide the reward—can we not, dear Duchess?"

"Certainly we can," the Duchess answered. "And now—do you think *all* the doughnuts are poisoned? They seem so nicely browned!"

"There are perhaps two or three that won't hurt you, I'm sure," the witch replied, being now in better humor; and so the two wicked old creatures

*That  
Seems  
Good*



*The Plot*

sat down to a nice dish of crisp doughnuts that were much too good for them, and plotted to secure the big reward.









# THE HAPPY ENDING









*Dosed  
Dough-  
nuts*

## CHAPTER V

### THE HAPPY ENDING



**I**T took several days, it may be a week or more, for Mother Black to prepare the great batch of dosed doughnuts, and during those days Count Bricabrac and the Prince worked hard in teaching the dragons their language—so hard that by the time the doughnuts were all done and dosed, the dragons, or at least a few of them, could talk a little with their captives. But these days of schooling kept the dragons so busy that

*School  
Days*



*Few Provisions*

they had not much time for hunting, and food ran short. In all those days they caught only two elephants, four tigers, and one old camel, and that was very little among so many.

Being hungry, the ruder dragons began to look eagerly at their two captives, who had grown plump because of their healthful life in the open air ; and, if you had been a dragon, they would have looked as appetizing to you as two nice round chocolate-creams. Of course, the other educated dragons, who had been part way through the primer, had too much respect for their teacher to think of him as food ; but the others grumbled, saying learning was well enough in its

*Some Grumble*



way when one had plenty to eat, but what good were reading, writing and arithmetic to a dragon when he was starving?

*Hard  
Question*



Just as things were looking rather dangerous for the two captives, there arrived a dozen boxes of delicious and delecta-

*A Present!*



*Unknown  
Giver*

ble doughnuts, addressed "To the Hon. Dragons of Dragonville, from a Sincere Friend who Prefers to Remain Unknown." When the box was opened the dragons began to sing, saying it was a dainty gift fit to please a king, for the doughnuts were a lovely sealskin brown and done just as dragons like their doughnuts done.

The famished dragons begged that the dainties might be at once distributed ; but just then Count Bricabrac rushed amid the throng. He had guessed at once that there was something wrong, and desired to warn his friends. Of course, he had to speak in primer language, so his speech went something like this :

*A Warning*

“The dragon must not eat the doughnut. The doughnut will make the dragon sick. It is not a friend who sent the box. *Beware of*



A bad one sent the box. It is not a wise dragon who eats the bad doughnut. Shut the box, and do not eat the doughnut!”

*Bad  
Dough-  
nuts!*



*In Vain !*

Though his manner was earnest, he made little impression, and all insisted upon eating the dosed doughnuts except the big dragon, who loved his teacher. And pretty soon it was evident something was wrong. One by one all who had eaten the fateful doughnuts fell fast asleep, the greediest first ; and by evening all were asleep and snoring like distant thunderstorms excepting old Father Dragon, Count Bricabrac and the little Prince. The three held a hasty consultation, and, by the Count's advice, they pretended to be asleep, too ; and about midnight all was still but the snoring chorus.

Then there stole into dragon-land the Duchess Darningnee-

*Enter the  
Villains !*

dle and the old witch, driving a donkey-cart in which they meant to carry home the captives whom they expected to find sleeping. But when they entered the cave where lay Father Dragon and the two captives, imagine the surprise and disgust of these wicked old creatures to see Father Dragon rise in wrath, with fiery eyes and bristling tail, while Count Bricabrac and the Prince also sprang up to confront the Duchess and the witch.

“Disgraceful dosers of doughnuts!” exclaimed the Count, “now you will receive the reward of your crimes! Fall upon your knees and repent, for by consent of Father Dragon—a true and a gentle

*In a Cart*

*Punish-  
ment*



*The  
Sentence*

friend and a bright scholar—we depart at once for the Palace, uninjured. You will remain as his prisoners ; and though your age and toughness may save your lives, you will probably never be permitted to leave this land, but will pass the rest of your days in frying harmless, undosed doughnuts for the whole dragon nation, who have almost resolved to give up eating all animal food. It is a just punishment, and I hope it will be borne with such patience as you may have.”

Then bidding Father Dragon farewell, he and the Prince departed.

What was the fate of the two wicked plotters can not be told with any certainty, for nothing

*Retri-  
bution*

more was ever heard of them. It may be that in spite of their resolution and of the new doughnuts, the dragons ate

*Awful  
Thought*



them both up; but whatever happened to them, they richly deserved it.

As for Count Bricabrac and

*Serve 'em  
Right*



*The Lost  
Return*

his little pupil, they had a pleasant little walk down the mountain, through beautiful views that were not noticed by the tutor because he read his book all the way. They were received with joy at the Palace, and the large reward was paid to them because they had found themselves.

The King gave a splendid banquet in honor of their return, and the Queen let the Prince sit up all through the dessert. So the Prince's fishing in the moat ended quite happily for him. But his visit to the dragons had an excellent effect, for seeing how the oldest dragon studied his primer taught the Prince to value Count Bricabrac's services,

*A Lesson  
Learned*

and he became a very good scholar indeed, getting marks of from 90 to 100 nearly every day.

*High  
Marks*



Even that was not all. For several years afterward it happened that a most beautiful Princess was carried off by a



*A Rich  
Reward*

rather bold young dragon, and the Princess's father offered half of his kingdom and the hand of his daughter in marriage to any brave young Prince who would bring her safely back. Count Bricabrac, who was still with his royal master, advised the young Prince to attempt the feat, and offered to accompany him in the perilous adventure, thinking his knowledge of dragon talk might be useful.

When they had made their way to the dragon's cave, the dragon came out with a terrifying roar, crying:

" $Ax^2 - bdx + 2ax!$ " which means, "If you don't get away from here, you'll be sorry!" But Count Bricabrac replied

*A Threat*

very politely in dragon language, and after a few minutes' conversation it came out that this was the very same dragon

*Recognized*



the Prince had fished for so long ago! And then everything was soon arranged. The Princess was politely dismissed.

L. OF C.

*All  
Arranged*



*Hurrah!*

with an apology, and rode home behind the Prince on his spirited black charger, to the delight of the whole kingdom, who were amazed and overcome by the beauty and valor of her rescuer, as well as by his modesty. And then? Why, then, of course, they were married in the great Cathedral, and the bells rang, the cannons roared, all the schools were closed for a week, there were fireworks every night, all the theatres were free, people could walk on the grass in the parks, and there were parades with brass bands in all the principal streets.

And among the beautiful wedding-presents one of the most attractive was a large golden vase full of most deli-

*A Present*

cious doughnuts, and on the vase was an inscription showing that it was from "The Dragons of Dragonville, with their best wishes for the happiness of their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and the Princess." The vase was much admired, and the doughnuts were highly appreciated as long as they lasted.

After which the young Prince and his beautiful bride lived happily until they came to the throne, and then they were beloved by all their subjects during a reign that lasted—oh, ever so long!

*From the  
Dragons*

*A Long  
Reign*









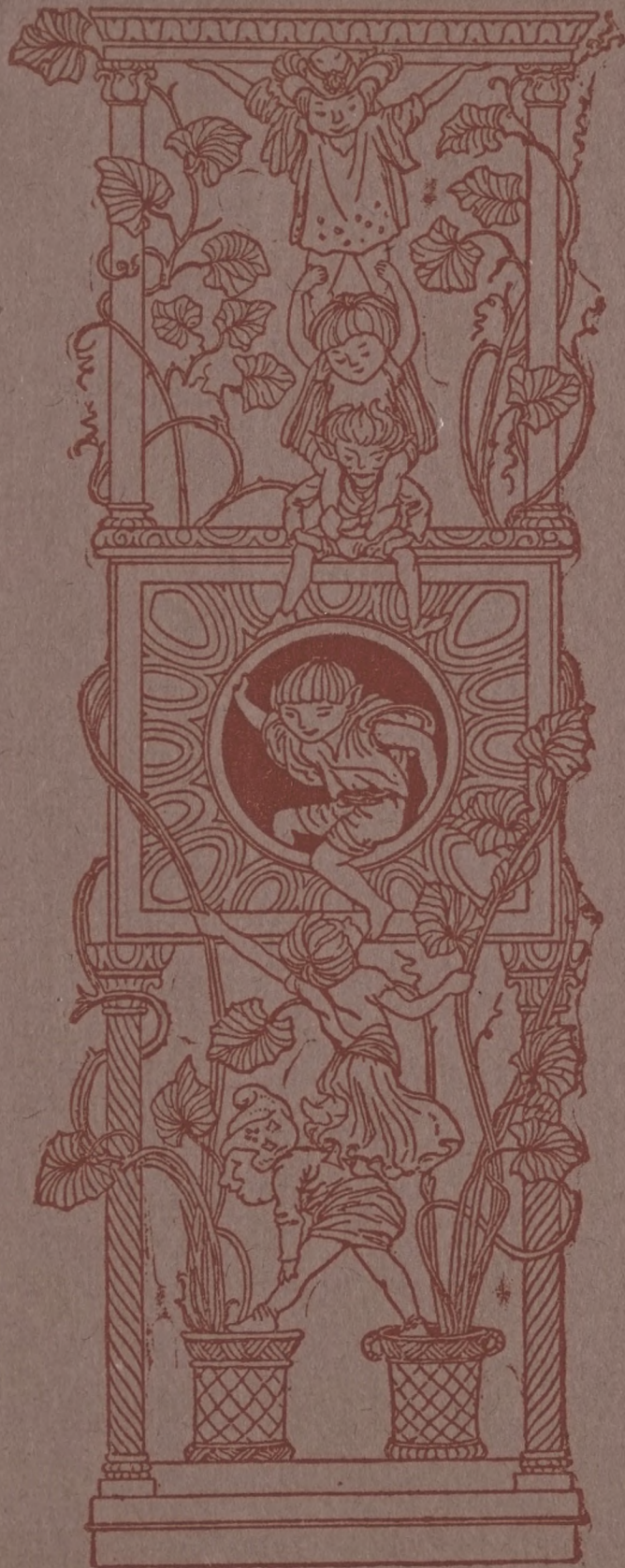
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